And were they to be rulde, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
2 Come, come, we feare the woorst, all shalbe wel.
3 When cloudes appeare, wise men put on their cloakes:
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sunne sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes, make men expect a dearth:
All may be well: but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue or I expect.
1 Truelie the soules of men are full of dread:
Yee cannot almost reason with a man
That lookes not heauily, and full of feare.
3 Before the times of change, still it is so:
By a diuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,
The waters swell before a boistrous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2 We are sent for to the Iustice.
3 And so was I, Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Quee. young Yorke.

Car. Last night I heare they lay at Northhampton;
At stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day, they will be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growen since last I saw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they say my sonne of Yorke
Hath almost ouertane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.
Dut. Why my yong Cozen it is good to growe.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My vnckle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vnckle Glocester,
Small herbes haue grace, great weedes grow apace,
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast:
Because sweete flowers are slowe, and weedes make haste.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold.
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,

So

So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if this were a true rule, he shoule be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnckles grace a flout,
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pretie Yorke? I pray thee let me hear
Yor. Marrie they say that my Vnckle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a pretie iest.
Dut. I pray thee pretie Yorke who told thee so?
Yor. Granam his nurse.
Dut. Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy, go to, you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angrie with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares.
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lo: Marques Dorset.

Enter D

What newes Lo: Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to vnfold
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lo: Riuers and Lo: Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Glocester and Buckingham
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay mee, I see the downefall of our house,
The tyger now hath ceazd the gentle hinde:
Insulting tyranny begins to iet,
Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and Massacre.